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THE
MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST,
COMPILED AND ARRANGED
FROM
THE FOUR GOSPELS,
FOR
FAMILIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
WITH
POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES.

"The Bible? That's the book. The book indeed.
The book of books;
On which who reads,
As he should do aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him * * * * *

BY T. B. FOX.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY,
121 Washington Street.

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Theological School
IN CAMBRIDGE.

The Gift of Mrs. Wm. F. Stone

Received *June 12 1868,*

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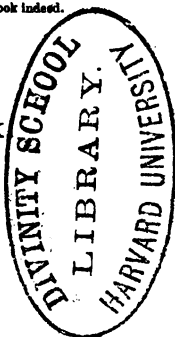
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
<i>Illustrations.</i>	
'Tis sweet to him who treasures love divine, -	11
<i>Birth of John the Baptist.</i>	
Toiling through the livelong night, - - -	13
Thy servants in the temple watched, - - -	14
<i>Birth of Jesus.</i>	
No war or battle's sound, - - - - -	15
Oh ! lovely voices of the sky, - - - - -	16
The shepherds went their hasty way, - - - - -	18
Brighter than the rising day, - - - - -	20
When, marshalled on the nightly plain, - - - - -	22
<i>Childhood of Jesus.</i>	
Abashed be all the boast of age, - - - - -	24
Among green pleasant meadows, - - - - -	25
<i>Preaching of the Baptist.</i>	
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill, -	28
<i>Baptism of Christ.</i>	
It was a green spot in the wilderness, - - -	29
<i>The Temptation.</i>	
When a thousand voices raise, - - - - -	32
<i>The Lamb of God.</i>	
Thou, who didst stoop below, - - - - -	33
<i>Marriage at Cana.</i>	
Incarnate word ! who, wont to dwell, - - -	35
<i>Conversation with the Woman of Samaria.</i>	
'T was early summer ; and the glare of noon, -	36
Oh Thou, to whom, in ancient time, - - -	39
Spirit ! whose life-sustaining presence fills, -	40

	Page
<i>The Pool of Bethesda.</i>	
The aged sufferer waited long, - - - -	41
Around Bethesda's healing wave, - - - -	42
<i>The Scriptures.</i>	
It is the one True Light, - - - -	45
<i>Lake of Gennesaret,</i>	
Clear as a crystal mirror in the beam, - - -	46
<i>Cure of the Blind Man.</i>	
When the great Master spoke, - - - -	47
<i>The Good Shepherd.</i>	
As the good shepherd leads his sheep, - - -	48
<i>Call of Peter.</i>	
The wind was hushed on Galilee, - - - -	49
<i>Sermon on the Mount.</i>	
'T is but the day-star's earliest glance, - - -	51
When thou art in thy chamber, and thy knee, - -	55
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend, -	56
Oh, deem not they are blest alone, - - - -	56
My soul were dark, - - - -	58
With flowers of promise fill the world, within, -	58
O thou whose lips can well repeat, - - - -	59
Oh God! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry, -	61
Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of air, - - -	62
Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye, -	63
Lo, the lilies of the field, - - - -	63
Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one! - - -	64
Build'st thou on Wealth?—its wings are ever spread, -	65
<i>The Poverty of Jesus.</i>	
On the dark wave of Galilee, - - - -	67
<i>Widow of Nain.</i>	
O mingle with the widow's tears, - - - -	68
Wake not, O mother, sounds of lamentation, - -	69
Who says the widow's heart must break, - - -	70
He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke, -	72
<i>Stilling the Tempest.</i>	
Fear was within the tossing bark, - - - -	73

	Page
<i>Jairus' Daughter.</i>	
They have watched her last and quivering breath,	74
<i>The Birds of the Air.</i>	
Tribes of the air ! whose favor'd race,	76
<i>The Woman anointing the feet of Jesus.</i>	
Thou that with pallid cheek,	79
<i>The Good Samaritan.</i>	
Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked and torn,	81
Thy neighbor ? It is he whom thou,	83
<i>Mary at the feet of Jesus.</i>	
Oh ! blest beyond all daughters of the earth,	84
<i>The Prodigal Son.</i>	
Wanderer amid the snares,	85
My father's house once more,	87
<i>Resurrection of Lazarus.</i>	
One grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead,	89
" See how he loved ! " exclaimed the Jews,	90
<i>Who is my Mother.</i>	
Who is my mother ? or my brethren,	91
<i>Christ Praying on the Mountain.</i>	
A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,	92
" He was there alone " when even,	92
<i>Christ walking on the water.</i>	
When Power Divine, in mortal form,	93
<i>The Love of God.</i>	
O draw me, Father, after thee,	95
<i>Truth and Error.</i>	
Swift the tempest strips the wood,	96
<i>The Transfiguration.</i>	
Methinks it is good to be here,	97
<i>Prayer.</i>	
To prayer, to prayer ; for the morning breaks,	100

	Page
<i>Jesus Blessing Little Children.</i>	
If ever in the human heart, - - -	103
Suffer that little children come to me, - -	104
Locked in the bosom of the earth, - -	105
Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight,	106
<i>Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard.</i>	
The God of Glory walks his round, - -	107
<i>Life and Death.</i>	
O fear not thou to die ! - - - -	108
<i>The Rich Man.</i>	
Thou hast a fair domain, - - - -	110
<i>Blind Bartimeus.</i>	
" Mercy, O thou son of David," - - - -	111
<i>Mary anointing Jesus.</i>	
She loved her Saviour, and to him, - - -	118
'Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall, -	114
<i>Entry into Jerusalem.</i>	
Ride on, ride on in majesty, - - - -	115
<i>Jerusalem.</i>	
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, - - - -	116
<i>Prophecy of the Destruction of Jerusalem.</i>	
Life is a sea — how fair its face, - - -	118
<i>The Coming of the Son of Man.</i>	
A poor wayfaring man of grief, - - - -	120
<i>The Preparation.</i>	
Prepare the Saviour room, - - - -	123
<i>Jesus washing the Disciples' Feet.</i>	
There is a secret in the ways of God, - - -	124
<i>The Lord's Supper.</i>	
According to thy gracious word, - - - -	125
If human kindness meets return, - - - -	126

	Page
<i>Conversation at the Supper.</i>	
Thou art the Way — and he who sighs, - .	127
This world is like a wilderness, - . .	128
If Love, the noblest, purest, best, - . .	130
"Peace" was the song the Angels sang, - .	132
Where shall I find, in all this fleeting earth, -	132
<i>Garden of Gethsemane.</i>	
'Tis night; — a lovely night : — and lo, - .	133
O'er Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,	134
The moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,	135
Fled ! and from whom ? The Man of woe, - .	137
<i>Condemnation of Jesus.</i>	
Behold the man ! how glorious he, - . .	139
<i>The Crucifixion.</i>	
We mourn for those who toil, - . . .	140
By the dark stillness brooding in the sky, - .	141
City of God ! Jerusalem, - . . .	143
On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung, -	146
Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam,	147
In the Cross of Christ I glory, - . . .	148
<i>The Resurrection.</i>	
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, - .	149
But wherefore Peter ? He whose pride, - .	150
Weeper ! to thee how bright a morn was given, -	151
<i>After the Resurrection.</i>	
'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze, - . .	152
It happen'd on a solemn eventide, - . .	153
Hath not thy heart within thee burned, - .	154
"The Lord is risen indeed," - . . .	155
The evening of that day, which saw the Lord, -	156
"Lord, and what shall this man do," - . .	157
<i>The Ascension.</i>	
Hail to the Lord's anointed," - . . .	159
NOTES TO VOLUME I. - . . .	161

ILLUSTRATIONS.

" 'T is sweet to Him who treasures love divine,
The coasts with zeal of palmer old to trace,
Hills, vales and streams of holy Palestine,
And mark in every ancient hallowed place
What rays of glory wont of old to shine,
What acts of wonder, and what words of grace :
How here the mourner heard glad news of rest,
Here the deaf ear the Saviour's presence blest,
The sightless eye beheld, the speechless tongue confest.

" And sweet to them whose bounded lot at home
Constrains their steps in quietude to stay,
Yea, sweet it is to them, afar to roam
In thought, companions of the palmer's way,—
And to the mother land of Christendom,
The debt of more than patriot fondness pay,—
If Judah's palmy hills their sojourn be,
Or Jordan's flood, or lone Tiberias sea,
Or thy once glorious towns, thrice favored Galilee ? "

Bishop Mant.

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

“The day-spring from on high hath visited us.”—Luke i. 78.

I.

ToILING through the livelong night,
Faint, uncertain of his way,
How the traveller hails the light,
Herald of the coming day.

Thus, when fraud and rapine threw
O'er the world their cloud afar,
On the good man's raptured view
Broke the dawn of Judah's star.

Tears of joy and gratitude
Hailed the Baptist's natal morn,
For the heavenly light renewed,
For another prophet born.

Born to go before the face
Of Judea's Saviour king ;
Tidings of celestial grace
To the mourning land to bring.

Thus began the song of praise
For the day-spring's earliest ray.
How should we the anthem raise
For the Gospel's perfect day!

S. G. Bulfinch.

II.

THY servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness, sin and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

Spirit of the Psalms.

BIRTH OF JESUS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men." — Luke ii. 14.

I.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat, while all around
The gentle fleecy brood
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

When lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight.
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings displayed.

Sounds of so sweet a tone,
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well balanced world on hinges hung.

"Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
The Saviour Christ is born,"
(Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime,)
"Glory to God in heaven !
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !"
Milton (altered by Dr Gardiner.)

II.

OH ! lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth ?"

To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh ! voices of the sky.

Oh ! clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed,
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head ;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith :
Oh ! clear and shining light.

Oh ! star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou ? — 'midst the host above,
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth may not dim ;
Send them to guide us yet,
Oh ! star which led to Him.

Mrs. Hemans.

III.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."— Luke ii. 16.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay :
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night !
While sweeter than a Mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

She listen'd to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she press'd ;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine !
The milk rush'd faster to her breast :
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;
Peace, Peace on earth ! the Prince of Peace is
born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate !

That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate ?
Sweet music's loudest note, the Poet's story,
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory ?

And is not War a youthful King,
A stately Hero clad in mail ?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Playmate ! and his bold
bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

“ Tell this in some more courtly scene,
“ To maids and youths in robes of state !
“ I am a woman poor and mean,
“ And therefore is my Soul elate.
“ War is a ruffian, all with guilt defil'd,
“ That from the aged Father tears his Child !

“ A murderous fiend, by fiends ador'd,
“ He kills the Sire and starves the Son ;
“ The Husband kills, and from her board
“ Steals all his Widow's toil had won ;
“ Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends away
“ All safety from the Night, all comfort from the
Day.

" Then wisely is my soul elate,
" That Strife should vanish, Battle cease :
" I'm poor and of a low estate,
" The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
" Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn :
" Peace, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is
born."

S. T. Coleridge.

" And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before
them." — Matt. ii. 9.

IV.

BRIGHTER than the rising day,
When the sun of glory shines ;
Brighter than the diamond's ray,
Sparkling in Golconda's mines ;
Beaming through the clouds of wo,
Smiles in mercy's diadem
On the guilty world below,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When our eyes are dimm'd with tears,
This can light them up again,
Sweet as music to our ears,
Faintly warbling o'er the plain.

Never shines a ray so bright
From the purest earthly gem ;
O ! there is no soothing light
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

Grief's dark clouds may o'er us roll,
Every heart may sink in wo,
Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
And sorrow's tears in torrents flow ;
Still, through all these clouds and storms,
Shines this purest heavenly gem,
With a ray that kindly warms —
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When we cross the roaring wave
That rolls on life's remotest shore ;
When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more ;
This, the lamp whose genial ray,
Like some brightly-glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way —
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

Let the world be sunk in sorrow,
Not an eye be charm'd or bless'd ;
We can see a fair tomorrow
Smiling in the rosy west ;

This, her beacon, Hope displays ;
For, in mercy's diadem
Shines, with Faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,
When, on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love, —
Oh ! what dazzling light shall shine
Round salvation's purest gem !
O ! what rays of love divine
Gild the Star of Bethlehem !

Percival.

V.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One Star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. White.

CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

I.

"After three days they found him in the temple." — Luke ii. 46.

ABASHED be all the boast of age,
Be hoary learning dumb.
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come.

O wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear ;
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lift thy faltered prayer.

But, in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name,
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness.

Heber.

II.

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.

[The following lines do not illustrate, and are not founded upon any particular passage in the Gospels : but those who appreciate their touching and simple beauty, — as well as the parent who has “an angel in heaven,” — will excuse their introduction here.]

Among green pleasant meadows
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her Child.

There oft on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove ;
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest
And hears what thou dost say !

Thus spoke his tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended
Mid clouds of crimson light ;

Again the boy was playing
And earnestly said he,
" Oh beautiful child Jesus
Come down and play with me ;

I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down ;

Oh Holy, Holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows,
There are none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so lovely
The while his mother heard,
But on his prayer she pondered
And spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There playing with her boy.

“ And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me ;
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand fold to thee.

For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have dear child thy fill.”

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And full of careful musings
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy so gentle
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying,
“ Oh mother, dear I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me.

But in his hand he beareth,
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go ! ”

He died — but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus
And she asked him not again.

Translation from Herder.

PREACHING OF THE BAPTIST.

“ The voice of one crying in the wilderness.”—Matt. iii. 3.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though tower-
ing to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,
For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

The beams of salvation his progress illume ;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Drummond.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." — Matt. iii. 13.

It was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touch'd by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropp'd its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank, nor on the grass
Of the broad circle stretching evenly,
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.

Hither had come th' Apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and, with multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat

The locust and wild honey of the wood —
But like the face of Moses on the mount
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burned the mild of fire of love, as he spoke
The ear lean'd to him, and persuasion swift
To the chain'd spirit of the listener stole.

Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests
And the grey eve came on, within their hearts
They mus'd if he were Christ. The rippling
stream

Still turned its silver courses from his breast
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"
He said, "with water ; but there cometh One
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
Ev'n to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo ! while yet
The words were on his lips, he rais'd his eyes
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid
His raiment off, and with his loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs,
In their angelic slighthness, meek and bare,
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to his feet and stay'd him there.
And said, "Nay, Master ! I have need of *thine*,

Not thou of *mine* ! " And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,
And answered, " Suffer it to be so now ;
For thus it doth become me to fulfil
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around him the Apostle's arm
And drew him gently to the midst.

The wood

Was thick with the dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast th' Apostle silently
Followed his master's steps — when lo ! a light,
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil ;
And as a voice fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, — " THIS IS MY MUCH
LOV'D SON

IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEAS'D," — a snow white
dove,

Floating upon its wings descended through,
And shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled, and flutter'd to the Saviour's breast.

Willis.

THE TEMPTATION.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted."

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God." — Matt. iv. 1, 10.

WHEN a thousand voices raise
To thy name the shout of praise,
And before thy dazzled sight
Glory beams enthroned in light,
While on thee she calls aloud,
Pointing to the admiring crowd,
Pause, nor kneel before her throne ;
Give thy heart to God alone !

Sweeter strains of soft desire
Float round Pleasure's golden lyre.
Bright as beams of opening day
Hope and Transport round her play ;
Smiles and Gaiety are there,
Banished far are Thought and Care.
Heed not thou the entrancing tone :
Give thy heart to God alone.

Mammon bids thee view the store
Heaped for him from every shore.
Worship him, and wealth untold,
Through thy swelling coffers rolled,

Shall reward thy bended knee.
Spurn the base idolatry !
Heavenly treasures are thine own ;
Give thy heart to God alone.

Onward, in thy Saviour's path,
Brave the baffled Tempter's wrath.
Soon deceitful Pleasure's lay,
From thine ear shall sink away ;
Soon Ambition's thrilling voice
Cease to urge thy trembling choice.
Life's short day of duty done,
Thou shalt joy in God alone.

S. G. Bulfinch.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

“ And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God ! ” — John i. 31.

THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of wo,
Wearing the form of frail mortality, —
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on
high.

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One ;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
The voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in
thee ;
Before thy Father's face,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife !
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests
bowed ?

Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
The light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
thee.

Christian Examiner.

MARRIAGE AT CANA.

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee." — John ii. 1.

INCARNATE Word ! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity :

Oh when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;
Nor pleasure, in the wounded mind,
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

Heber.

CONVERSATION WITH THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

I.

"The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." — John iv. 14.

'T WAS early summer ; and the glare of noon
Shot fiercely down upon the earth. The breeze
Whisper'd in invitation, as it stirr'd
Among the leaves of this deep solitude,
When first I wander'd hither ; and the shade
Of lofty rock and leafy covert, wooed
My fainting spirit, and my sinking steps.
The purling waters of a streamlet, too,
Won me to enter here, and breathe the air
That played upon their surface, and imbibe
The coolness of their source. Gladly I turn'd,
And traced the seldom trodden path that wound
Along the bank, holding its tangled way
Mid lowly brier with wild flower interwoven,
And under the thick bows of ivied elms.

Here, in the very bosom of the dell,
Amid its wildest loneliness, there stands
A single, towering, moss-grown rock, whose clefts
Shelter the first pale cowslip of the spring,
And, here and there, a slender hyacinth.
Under the grey-rock's base, a giant elm
Hath forced his sturdy roots, and upward flung

His broad trunk full upon its flinty breast.
Then, arching far and wide, his boughs descend
Brushing, with every breeze, the ground beneath.
Forth from the elm's deep roots, and 'mid the sand
That intervenes, there gush'd a bubbling fountain.
The sparkling water for a moment boil'd
In its pure basin ; lingering to bathe
The dipping leaves of the o'erhanging elm ;
That swept away o'er beds of glistening pebble,
Till, in the gloom of yonder thicket hid,
Nought but the murmuring of its waters told
Its secret progress. — Bending o'er the roots
Of the majestic tree, I drank. The draught
Was cool and pure, fraught with returning life.

Here was a time to lie, and muse, and dream
Of that primeval age of happiness,
When cooling breezes, and refreshing springs,
And fruits and flowers, made Eden paradise ;
When man was innocent ; and had not brought
Upon his soul the alternate light and shade,
The moment's brilliance, and the long deep gloom,
Which, all too late, he learned to be the sum
Of the high vaunted bliss of knowing good
And evil.

* * * * *

Summer was in her sickly wane. A drought
Had parch'd the earth ; a hot and feverish air

Breathed over nature, and dried up her freshness.
Floweret and leaf were shrivelled, and had bowed
Their heads in temporary death. The sun
Was at its height. The air was motionless.
The birds were dumb upon the drooping boughs.
A weary traveller, I had toil'd my way,
Scorched by the sun, while burning thirst
Was preying on my strength; ere I had reach'd
The fountain whose pure waters erst restor'd
My drooping spirit. Eagerly I sped
To breathe the coolness of the shade, and drink
Again from that reviving stream. There stood
The hoary rock, the venerable elm; —
But where the fount whose deep clear water play'd
In gladness at their foot? Where? *It was gone!*
Vanish'd, even as the brightness of a dream!

So fares it with the unhappy man who seeks
For lasting pleasures in the stream of life.
The draught he swallows now, so eagerly
That its fell power makes reason itself to reel,
He fondly dreams waits but for his return;
He does return, with greedier thirst, to quaff
The treacherous stream, but finds the channel dry.
Sore disappointment blights his idle hopes,
And preys upon his spirit, like the worm
That never dies. — Oh! heard he but the voice
Of Grace, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!

And drink ye of the waters of that fount
Which flows exhaustless from the lips of Truth.
Here is no giddy, brief, deceptive draught.
Taste but the stream, and it becomes a well
Within you, springing up to life eternal."

W. Russell.

"God is a spirit." — John iv. 24.

II.

OH Thou, to whom, in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And Prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son,
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,

And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

Oh Thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at length, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.
Pierpont.

III.

SPIRIT ! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time ! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration :—founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring :— to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward. — Ne'er may rock or cave
possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn ten-
derness.

Mrs Hemans.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

"Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches." — John v. 2.

I.

THE aged sufferer waited long
Upon Bethesda's brink ;
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
Began in fears to sink.
And heavy were the sighs he drew,
And fervent was his prayer,
For he, with safety full in view,
Still languished helpless there.

His hope grew dim ; but one was nigh
Who saw the sufferer's grief.
That gentle voice, that pitying eye
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows
Obeyed that powerful word :
He spake, and lo ! the sick arose,
Rejoicing in his Lord.

Father of Jesus, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,

And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look so high,
Oh may the Saviour's words of peace
Within the wounded heart,
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart.

S. G. Bulfinch.

II.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd ;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd,
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue *given* and *gone* !

No power had he ; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought !
But while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought ;

Until ~~THE~~ SAVIOUR'S love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone !

Had they who watched and waited there
 Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
 Would they have sought his pitying eye ;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His Power divine to make them whole !

But habit and tradition swayed
 Their minds to trust to sense alone,
They only hoped *the Angel's* aid ;
 While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power !
 No Angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
 Which with its healing waters went.
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,
 Religion's outward forms remain —
With living virtue only crowned
 While their first freshness they retain ;

Only replete with power to cure
When, Spirit-stirred, their source is pure !

Yet are there who this truth confess,
Who know how little forms avail ;
But whose protracted helplessness
Confirms the impotent's sad tale ;
Who, day by day, and year by year,
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,
Which tell the visitant is nigh ;
They see the troubled waters move,
Whose touch alone might health supply ;
But, weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still !

SAVIOUR ! thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke ;
Still in thine all-redeeming NAME
Dwells POWER to burst the strongest yoke !
O ! be that power, that love display'd,
Help those — whom THOU *alone* cast aid !

Bernard Barton.

THE SCRIPTURES.

"Search the scriptures."—John v. 39

It is the one True Light,
That, when all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.

It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the eternal throne
To him — whoe'er he be — whose hand
Will seize it for his own !

It is the Golden Key
To treasures of celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health !

The gently proffer'd aid
Of one who knows us — and can best
Supply the beings he has made
With what will make them bless'd.

It is the sweetest sound
That infant ears delight to hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and angels near.

There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow love to go;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O ! let the Christian show !

Emily Taylor.

LAKE OF GENNESARET.

" He stood by the Lake of Gennesaret." — Luke v. 1.

CLEAR as a crystal mirror in the beam
Of morn, Tiberias' lake expanded lay,
As clear and smooth; save where old Jordan's
stream

Marked through that mirror clear his dimpled
way.

The mist that spread a shadowy veil, at length
Slow up the mountain's side its skirt hath rolled,
And see the sun, rejoicing in his strength,
Now tip the rocks, now spread the lake with gold,
His sparkling rays on rich Bethsaida fling,
And light Capernaum's towers, tall palms, and
limpid spring.

Bishop Mant.

CURE OF THE BLIND MAN.

"I went and washed, and I received sight."—John ix. 11.

WHEN the great Master spoke,
He touched his withered eyes,
And, at one gleam upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
And king's and prophet's tomb,
And arches proud, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle wave of the palms, that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw, on heights and plains,
Creatures of every race ;
But a mighty thrill ran through his veins
When he met the human face.

And his virgin sight beheld
The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that filled
The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before
Had cheered his gloomy night,
But to see the angel form she wore
Made deeper the delight.

And his heart at daylight's close,
For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morning rose,
Gave speechless thanks to God.

New York Evening Post.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd." — John x. 11.

As the good shepherd leads his sheep
Through paths secure,
And, while a-fold by night they sleep,
Doth keep them sure ;
So the True Shepherd, Christ, our souls doth
guide,
Safe in his eye, protected by his side.

Great Shepherd ! do we know thy voice,
And follow thee ?
Is thy safe fold our rule and choice,
From bondage free ?

Upheld by faith the obedient sheep shall stand,
"And none shall pluck them from thy Father's
hand."

But O ! what mortal tongue shall sing
Thy wondrous love ?
Death could not with his threaten'd sting
Thy purpose move :
Conqueror of death, and pledgè of life to rise,
Joy of the earth, and heir of subject skies,
Shepherd ! with joy we hear thy call
That leads to heaven :
Let none from that salvation fall,
So freely given !
But, as thy sacred records long foretold,
Be the wide-peopled earth one happy fold."

John Taylor.

CALL OF PETER.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea ; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them ; 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.' — Matthew iv. 18.

THE wind was hushed on Galilee,
As near its waveless flood,

With thought as calm as that fair sea,
An humble fisher stood.

A voice was heard ; as on the lake
Is heard the whispering breeze ;
Gentle, yet mighty to awake
The grandeur of the seas.

Years passed away ; — the humble man
Who stood unheeding there,
No more at early dawn began
The fisher's tranquil care.

Him, palaces of eastern pride
Now hail'd, an honored guest ;
And now, the lowliest couch beside,
He spoke of heavenly rest.

He bore, through perils far and near
His Saviour's holy name :
He yielded not to hope or fear,
To indolence or shame.

That Saviour's presence cheered his breast
Through every varied scene :
That faith his dying hour confessed,
In martyrdom serene.

Lord ! while thy holy servant's lot
In various scenes we view,
Ne'er be that faith and love forgot
Which bore him stedfast through.

S. G. Balfinch.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

" And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain."
— Matt. v. 1.

'T is but the daystar's earliest glance,
The dawn is sleeping darkly still,
And wherefore do these bands advance
In silence to the lonely hill ?
They wait Judea's promised king,
Whose arm of power shall set them free ;
And hence their hopes thus warmly cling,
Thou lowly Son of Man, to thee.

Is this their king ? His head is crown'd
Only with pearls of morning dew ;
His throne — the cold, unsheltered ground ;
His poor attendants — faint and few.
Away ! away ! their hope grows dim :
But passion blazes wild and high,
And eyes are sternly bent on him
That almost whisper — Thou shalt die !

He moves with mild, commanding air,
He speaks in tones divinely sweet,
And every lip is breathless there,
And every heart hath ceased to beat.
'T is all a trancing hush beneath,
As when the strains of angels flow,
Who leave the burning throne to breathe
Their heaven upon the world below !

They long for one revenging hour
To wake Judea's old renown ;
They long for an archangel's power
To dash their hated tyrants down.
Each hand is starting to the hilt ;
Each heart is fain to swell the flood
To drown the scars of Roman guilt,
And quench their country's wrath in blood.

The Saviour speaks—and all around
The tones fall gently on the hill ;
Even Nature pauses at the sound,
And all her elements are still.
The gales that herald morning's hour
Sink noiseless as the dying sigh,
While each stern spirit feels their power
And lays its treasured fury by.

Hear they aright ? ' The humble, poor,
The mourners and the meek are bless'd ;

For them shall God unbar the door,
That leads to vales of heavenly rest.
The gentle sons of peace and love,
Who dry one source of human tears,
Shall wear a glorious crown above,
Through heaven's unending march of years.'

He points them to the red cloud's wings
Above the radiant east unfurl'd ;
And lo ! the sun majestic springs
In gladness on the waking world.
The rocks and hills — the wave and shore —
The field and forest all are bright,
And nature's thousand voices pour
Her full heart-breathings of delight.

' 'T is like your God ! his gentle rain,
His liberal sunshine widely falls
Alike upon the desert plain,
And yonder city's towering walls.
The undeserving of his care,
And they whose thoughts are all above,
The guilty and the grateful share
A father's never weary love.

Be like thy God — be like the sun —
And where thy healing power extends,

Let willing deeds of love be done
Alike to enemies and friends ;
Then like yon city, lifted high
Above the cold world thou shalt be,
And spirits that would fain deny,
Shall yield their grateful praise to thee.'

* * * * *

' Behold that straight and upward way
Where travellers move apart and slow,
And that broad road where thousands stray
Upon the flowery vale below !
The last is like the path to pain ;
The narrow leads to worlds of joy,
Where that pure happiness shall reign,
Which death may never more destroy.'

Thus long he speaks — and long their eyes
In musing on the earth they cast ;
Their gaze is chained in deep surprise,
And passion's glances all are passed.
Long — long their troubled hearts shall keep
The memory of that mighty charm,
Which spread as o'er the stormy deep,
A sudden and a waveless calm.

Christian Examiner.

"Blessed are they that mourn." — Matt. v. 4.

II.

WHEN thou art in thy chamber, and thy knee
Is bow'd in love to the Omnipotent,
And when thy soul before his throne is bent,
Ask not for prosperous things ; but pray, that he
Will purify thee with the chastisement
Of earthly wo and trouble, which are sent
To fit the high soul for eternity.

It is not in the summer tide of life
That the heart hoards its treasures : it is when
The storm is loud, and the rude hurricane
Of sorrow is abroad : — when solemn strife,
Such as may move the souls of constant men
Is struggling in our bosoms, it is then
The heart collects her stores with wisdom rife.

For sadness teaches us the truth of things
Which had been hid beneath the crown of flowers
Which gladness wears ; and the few silent hours
Of quiet, heavenward thought which sorrow
brings,
Are better than a life in pleasure's bowers,
Drinking the poisonous chalice which she pours,
To quench our heavenlier spirit's murmurings.

Seek thou the storms of life ; fly not the trial
That binds the conqueror's wreath upon thy
brow ;
And faint not, though the tears of anguish flow,
And though upon thy head the angry vial
Of fate be pour'd : but with the conscious glow
Of honorable thought and deed below,
Look to that Power who watch'd thy self-denial.
Sabbath Recreations.

III.

"He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

Philip Van Artevelde.

IV.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Bryant.

V.

"There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud."

My soul were dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good ! enough to know
Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

William Crosswell.

VI.

"Thy kingdom come." — Matthew vi. 10.

With flowers of promise fill the world, within
Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin ;
Where thorns and thistles curse the infested
ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound ;
And trees of life, forever fresh and green,
Flourish where trees of death alone have been ;

Let truth look down from heaven, hope soar above,
Justice and mercy kiss, faith work by love ;
Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn ;
The ransomed of the Lord with songs return ;
Heralds the year of jubilee proclaim ;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name ;
O'er lands, with darkness, thralldom, guilt o'er-
spread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed ;
Speak Thou the word ; to Satan's power say,
" Cease,"
But to a world of pardoned sinners, " Peace."
— Thus in thy grace, Lord God, thyself make
known ;
Then shall all tongues confess thee God alone.
Montgomery.

VII.

"Thy will be done !" — Matthew vi. 10.

O THOU whose lips can well repeat
The Saviour's prayer, nor deem'st deceit
The while is lurking in thy heart,
Pause, ere their memory shall depart.

"Thy will be done !" — and dost thou find
In the deep musings of thy mind

No fear, no hope, no passion there,
Thou couldst not freely from thee tear ?
And darrest thou call upon thy God
To try thee with his chastening rod,
And round the wide world steadfast look,
And find no ill thou canst not brook ?
What ! couldst thou see the whirlwind come
To tear thee from thy cherish'd home,
See the strong arm of death embrace
The best beloved of all thy race ?
See, undeserved, an evil fame
Attaint thy long unsullied name ?
Feel slow consuming sickness break
Thy mind, now impotent and weak ?
Yet not one murmur ?— If but one,
Thou must not say, " Thy will be done ! "

No : rather, ere thy spirit dare
Adopt the Saviour's fervent prayer,
The Saviour's *spirit* earnest seek,
Enduring, patient, firm, and meek.
Go, seek of God a heavenly mind,
Active, like His—like His, resign'd :
Pray, that thy very prayer may bring
No hatred, no unwelcome thing ;
Pray, that the will of heaven may be
Health, joy, and all things else to thee ;

And, thus the work of prayer begun,
Thou well mayst say, "Thy will be done."

Emily Taylor.

VIII.

"But, if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." — Matthew vi. 15.

OH God! my sins are manifold, against my life
they cry,

And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to thy
temple fly;

Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to
despair is driven?

'Forgive!' a blessed voice replied, 'and thou
shalt be forgiven!'

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell, they spurn
me in their pride,

They render evil for my good, my patience they
deride;

Arise, oh King! and be the proud to righteous
ruin driven!

'Forgive!' and awful answer came, 'as thou
wouldst be forgiven!'

Seven times, oh Lord ! I pardoned them, seven
 times they sinned again :
 They practise still to work me woe, they triumph
 in my pain ;
 But let them dread my vengeance now, to just
 resentment driven !
 ‘Forgive!’ the voice of thunder spake, ‘or
 never be forgiven !’
Heber.

“ Behold the fowls of the air :”

“ Consider the lilies of the field :”—Matt. vi. 26, 28.

IX.

Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of air,
 Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
 The same bright lesson o’er the seas to bear,
 Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of
 spring !
 Sing on, before the storm and after, sing !
 And call us to your echoing woods away
 From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits bring
 Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
 So may those blessed vernal strains renew
 Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
 E’en than the first, within th’ awaken’d mind ;
 While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
 That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
 But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resign’d.

Mrs Hemans.

X.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty — when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky —
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd
hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced!
Mrs Hemans.

XI.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven.
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

' Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

' One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny :
One there lives, who Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;
God provideth for the morrow.'

Heber.

XII.

IMPERIAL beauty ! fair, unrivalled one !
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven ?

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strains of praise
Thou hast received ; and which will ever sound

Long as the page of inspiration shines —
 While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
 That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep !
 I will not praise thee, then ; but thou shalt be
 My hallowed flower ! the sweetest, purest thoughts
 Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
 On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth ;
 I will consider thee, and meet my cares
 In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
 Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
 For a fair specimen of skill divine ;
 And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
 Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
 In his full glory, not arrayed like thee !*

H. F. Gould.

XIII.

" And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand ; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell ; and great was the fall of it." — Matthew vii. 26, 27.

BUILD'ST thou on Wealth ? — its wings are ever
 spread

Its trusting votaries to elude and foil.

* It is quite doubtful whether the lily referred to by the Saviour was the *white lily*. See Harris' Nat. His. of the Bible.

On Science? — see ! his favorite sons have fled
Like the pale lamp that lit their midnight toil,
Forgotten as the flower that deck'd the vernal soil.

Build'st thou on Love?—the simple heart it cheers
When high in health and all around is gay,
Yet leads to folly, vanity, and tears ; —
Build'st thou on Fame?—the dancing meteor's
ray
Glides not more swift, more unperceived away.

Ah ! why on sands like these thy temple rear ?
How shall its base the storms and billows shun ?
Seek the Eternal Rock with humble fear,
And on the tablet of each setting sun,
Grave with a diamond's point, some deed of duty
done.

If thou art young — the words of wisdom weigh,
Mature — the gathering ills of life beware,
Aged — O, make His mighty arm thy stay,
Who saves the weakest suppliant from despair,
And bids the darken'd tomb a robe of glory wear.
Anonymous.

THE POVERTY OF JESUS.

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." — Luke ix. 58.

On the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And o'er the waters drearily
Sweeps the bleak evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And, from his lone unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest?
Why seeks not he the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head!

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race;

And through his poverty there flows
A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

W. Russell.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"And he came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And he said; 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise.' And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak." — Luke vii. 14, 15.

I.

O MINGLE with the widow's tears
The drops for misery shed :
She bends beneath the weight of years ;
Her earthly hope is fled.

Her son — her only son is gone !
Oh, who shall wipe that eye ?
For she must journey lonely on,
And solitary die !

The pall upon his corse is spread,
The bier they slowly raise ;
It cannot rouse the slumbering dead,
— That widow'd mother's gaze.

She follows on, without a tear,
Her dear, her darling child :

But who is He that stops the bier,
With look and accent mild ?

The Saviour is that pitying one ;
His glance her woe disarms —
“ Young man, arise ! ” — a *living* son
Is in his mother's arms !

W. H. Furness.

II.

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation ;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly :
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him :
Hide his pale features with the sable pall :
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners ? who forbids our
weeping ?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?
‘ Set down the bier — he is not dead, but sleeping.
‘ Young man, arise ! ’ — He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.

Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

Heber.

III.

Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink?—
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which even beside that mournful bier
Whence parents's eyes would hopeless shrink,

Bids weep no more — O heart bereft,
How strange, to thee, that sound!
A widow o'er her only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,
For Christ hath touched the bier —
The bearers wait with wondering eye,
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,
But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

Even such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight

On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embitter'd spirit's strife —
“ The Resurrection and the Life
“ Am I : believe, and die no more.”

Unchanged that voice — and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call ; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heavens, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again
With hearts new-braced and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

Keble.

IV.

He that was dead rose up and spoke — He spoke !
Was it of that majestic world unknown ?
Those words, which first the bier's dead silence
broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone ?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep ?
Be hush'd, my soul ! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn : thy Lord call'd back the voice
departed,

To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
O! take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question*,
death!

Mrs Hemans.

STILLING THE TEMPEST.

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea; 'Peace, be still.'"—Mark iv. 39.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceas'd:—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,

As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood ;
O ! send thy spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil ; —
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say — " Peace, be still."
Mrs Hemans.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

" And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying ; ' Maid, arise.' " — Luke viii. 54.

THEY have watched her last and quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown ;
They have wrapped her in the robes of death,
And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
Upon that fallen flower, —
Nay, start not — 'twas the gathering wind ;
Those limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
O'er which the faint light plays ;
'T is only the crimsoned curtain's glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye,
And feel the soft pulse decay ?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh
Which bore her soul away ?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hushed,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flower by traveller
crushed,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
And the maid is mute and pale ;
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is her stiffened nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,
And her head is bent in wo ;
She shuts her thoughts to joy or charms ;
No tear attempts to flow.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?
It comes to a heart of stone ;
"Jesus," she cries, "has no power here ;
My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o'er the senseless form ;
Can his be less than a heavenly touch ?
The maiden's hand is warm !

And the fresh blood comes with roseate hue,
While Death's dark terrors fly ;
Her form is raised, and her step is true,
And life beams bright in her eye.

Mrs Gilman.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God ?" — Luke xii. 6.

TRIBES of the air ! whose favor'd race
May wander through the realms of space,
Free guests of earth and sky ;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your throng
With bright variety !

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
And the wild haunts ye love ;
Birds of the gentle beak ! how dear
Your wood note, to the wanderer's ear,
In shadowy vale or grove !

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not climb,
The mountain-eagle seeks ;
Alone he reigns, a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home
Where the white billows roar and foam,
Around th' o'erhanging rock ;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or, sheltered in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parched by the blaze of day ;
The swan, where northern rivers glide
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,
And many a storm defies ;
Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The Bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,
Weave soft their pendent nest ;
Some, deep in western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,
In rainbow colors drest.

Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear ;
Yet know, our Heavenly Father guides
The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then thy guardian be ?
Will not his aid extend to *thee* ?
Oh ! safely mayst thou rest !
Trust in his love, and e'en should pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,
Know, what he wills is best !

Mrs Hemans.

THE WOMAN ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS.

" And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears ; and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment." — Luke vii. 37, 38.

THOU that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
From their long wanderings won,
Before the all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, oh, lost and found !

When thou wouldst bathe his feet,
With odors richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tear,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear
From the crowded beauty of its festal year.

Did he reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast ?
No, from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore,
Voices, once kind, had learn'd the stranger's tone,
Who raised thee up and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound?
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!

But which, oh, erring child!
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those words of
Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed,
Condemn'd of earth to bleed,
In music pass'd, "Thy sins are all forgiven?"

Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense, brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the blest?
Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain
To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy woes confess'd?

No, not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven, was made;
But costlier in his eyes,
By that blest sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before Him laid.

Mrs Hemans.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"And who is my neighbor?" — Luke x. 29.

I.

Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked and torn,
Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn?

The last sigh from his breast, the last from his heart,
The last tear from his eyelid seem ready to part:
He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,
Once more the blest beam of the morning to spy;
For penniless, friendless, and houseless he's lying,
And he shudders to think, that in darkness he's
dying;

Yon meteor! 'tis ended as soon as begun —
Yon gleam of the lightning! it is not the sun;
They brighten and pass — but the glory of day
Is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from
the east!

Who walks down the path to get tithes for his
priest?

It is not the Robber, who plundered and fled;
'Tis a Levite: He turns from the wretched his
head.

Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls?
Who comes to Samaria from Ilia's walls?

There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye ;
There is scorn on his lip as he proudly walks by.
'Tis thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid
and fair ;
A few years shall pass thee, and — who shall be
there ?

Mount Gerazmin looks on the valleys, that spread
On the foot of high Ebal, to Esdrelon's head ;
The torrent of Kison rolls back through the plain,
And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,
Which, purpled with fishes, flows rich with
the dyes

That flash from their fins, and shine out from
their eyes.

How sweet are the streams, but how purer the
fountain

That gushes and swells from Samaria's mountain.

From Galilee's city the Cuthite comes out,
And by Jordan-washed Thirza, with purpose de-
vout,

To pay at the altar of Gerazmin's shrine,
And offer his incense of oil and of wine,
He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs
For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew : He stops on the way.
— By the side of the wretched 'tis better to pray,

Than to visit the holiest temple, that stands
In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands,
The oil, that was meant for Mount Gerazmin's
ground,

Would better be poured on the sufferer's wound ;
For no incense more sweetly, more purely can
rise

From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,
No libation more rich can be offered below,
Than that, which is tendered to anguish and wo.
Connecticut Mirror.

II.

Thy neighbor ? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor ? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor ? 'T is that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain :—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'T is the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left : —
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave, —
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 't is thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery : —
Go, share thy lot with him.

Anonymous.

MARY AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

" And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."— Luke x. 39.

OH! blest beyond all daughters of the earth !
What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat,
Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial birth ?
Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet !

No feverish cares to that divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.
Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying !
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring,
 lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,
That e'en when noon tide burns upon the hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror
fills.

Mrs Hemans.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

" I will arise and go unto my father."—Luke xv. 18.

I.

WANDERER, amid the snares
Of Time's uncertain way,
Of thousand nameless fears the sport,
Of countless ills the prey :

A stranger 'mid the land
Where thy probation lies,
In peril from each adverse blast
And e'en from prosperous skies,

In peril from thy friends,
In peril from thy foes,
In peril from the rebel heart
That in thy bosom glows ;

Hast thou no Father's house,
Beyond this pilgrim scene,
That thou on Earth's delusive props
With bleeding breast doth lean ?

Yet not a mother's care
Who for her infant sighs,
When absence shuts it from her arms
Or sickness dims its eye,

Transcends the love divine,
The welcome full and free,
With which the glorious King of Heaven,
Will stretch his arms to thee,

When thou with contrite tear
Shalt wait within his walls,
Imploring but the broken bread
That from his table falls.

No more his mansion shun,
No more distrust his grace,
Turn from the orphanage of earth
And find a Sire's embrace.

Mrs Sigourney.

II.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty ! yet around,
Something amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never marked before !

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
And still, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd — where my sisters made
Our mother's bower — I deemed not that it cast
So far and dark a shade !

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's place was
there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his
hair !

Now those gray locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear :
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move — the voice of God
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless
hearted !

'T is that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn gladd'ning light !

No outward thing is changed ;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their notes with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade :
And, therefore, in the leaves the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away ?
Hark, hark ! — it is my mother's voice I hear —
Sadder than once it seem'd — yet soft and clear —
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name ! — I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love — the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found !

Mrs Hemans.

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

I.

“Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him ; but Mary sat still in the house.”
— John xi. 20.

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !
Was in your bosoms — thou, whose steps,
made fleet
By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,
Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;
And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat
Didst wait his summons—then with reverent love
Fall weeping at the blest Deliverer's feet,
Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could
move,
And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just
Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust ?

Oh ! question not, and let no law be given
To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,
By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :
Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.
Mrs Hemans.

II.

" Then said the Jews, ' Behold, how he loved him ! ' " —
John xi. 36.

" SEE how he loved ! " exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

See how he loved, who travelled on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

See how he loved, who, firm, yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

See how he loved, who died for man ;
Who labored thus, and thus endured,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secured.

Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?
Oh may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show !

Exeter Collection.

WHO IS MY MOTHER ?

" Behold my mother and my brethren."—Matthew xii. 49.

Who is my mother ? or my brethren ?
He spake, and looked on them who sat around,
With a meek smile of pity, blent with love,
More melting than e'er gleamed from human
face, —

As when a sunbeam, through a summer shower,
Shines mildly, on a little hill-side flock ;
And with what look of love he said, Behold
My mother, and my brethren ; for I say,
That whosoe'er shall do the will of God,
He is my brother, sister, mother, all.

Anonymous.

CHRIST PRAYING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray."—Matt. xiv. 23.

A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts
have press'd
Into my being since it breathed that air,
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of
prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto day and night;
So might the o'erburden'd Son of Man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.
Mrs Hemans.

II.

"And when the evening was come, he was there alone."—
Matthew xiv. 23.

"HE was there alone"—when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown;

Holding intercourse with heaven,
"He was there alone."

There his inmost heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known ;
In the spirit of devotion,
Musing there "alone."

So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our God and Father's throne ;
And to other scenes aspiring
"Train our hearts alone."

Thus when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be "alone."

Bowring.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATER.

"Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid." — *Matt. xiv. 27.*

WHEN Power Divine in mortal form,
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo ! it is I ! — be not afraid."

So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove —
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Bless'd be the voice which breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
“ Lo, it is I! — be not afraid.”

When men with fiendlike passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage,
Bless'd be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, “ God is over all.”

God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm :
No creature is by Him forgot,
Of those who know or know Him not.

And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead —
“ Lo, it is I! — be not afraid.”

Sir James E. Smith.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." — John vi. 44.

O DRAW me, Father, after thee,
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God ! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

Moravian.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

"Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."—Matthew xv. 13.

SWIFT the tempest strips the wood,
Swift the sun dries up the flood,
Trophied domes and aisles decay ;
Tribes and empires melt away,
Like the wreath of mountain snow,
When summer's breeze begins to blow.

Error, like the flimsy sail
Rent by every passing gale,
Floats her moment on the stream,
Glitters in the morning beam,
Dares the breath of Heaven to brave,
And founders in the foaming wave.

Even the little garden flower,
Once the joy of all the bower,
Fondly watched from day to day,
From its stem is swept away ;
Yester morn, what bower so bright ?
But, ah ! how desolate to-night !

Nought endures but thou, O Lord ;
Everlasting is thy word !

Thou, the first, the midst, the end ;
Thou, the deathless, changeless friend :
Grant us, Lord, beyond the skies,
Flowers whose fragrance never dies.
Cunningham.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

" It is good for us to be here." — Matthew xvii. 4.

[The following lines were written in a church-yard, by Herbert Knowles, when he was about fifteen years old.]

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build — but for whom ?
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah ! no,
Affrighted he shrinketh away ;
For see ! they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah ! no : she forgets
The charms which she wielded before :
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets

The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it
wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the
shroud.

To Riches! Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above, —
Friends, brothers and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow ? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve ;
Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love or fear ;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
Ah ! no ; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow ;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfil'd ;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to
the skies.

Herbert Knowles.

PRAYER.

"Men ought always to pray." — Luke xviii. 1.

To prayer, to prayer ; — for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ; — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thought to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer ; — for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.

O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows,
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer :
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow —
O, what is earth and its pleasures now !
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith,
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in his eye that upwards bends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

Henry Ware jun.

JESUS BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." — Matthew xix. 14.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." — Mark x. 16.

I.

If ever in the human heart
A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy, O blessed Lord of thee ;

'T is in that yet unsullied hour
Or ere the world has claimed its own
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summer and the sun unknown ;

When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin.

Then is the time for Faith and Love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

This work is ours—this charge was thine—
These youthful souls from sin to save ;

To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.

The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray ;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is heard once more,
Reclasping of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

Lord grant our hearts be so inclined
Thy work to seek — thy will to do,
And while we teach the youthful mind
Our own be taught thy lesson too.

L. E. L.

II.

"SUFFER that little children come to me,
Forbid them not:" Imboldened by his words,

The mothers onward press ; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their
babes

To strangers' hands ; The innocents alarmed,
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink trembling,—till their wandering eyes
discern

The countenance of Jesus beaming love
And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

James Grahame.

III.

LOCKED in the bosom of the earth
The little seed its heart doth stir,
And quickening for its mystic birth,
Bursts from its cleaving sepulchre.
The aspiring head, the unfolding leaf,
Exulting in their joyous lot,
Turn grateful towards the Eye of Day, —
Hinder them not.

Thus do the buds of being rise
From cradle-dreams, like snow-drop meek,
While through their mind-illumined eyes
A deathless principle doth speak,

Already toward a brighter sphere
They turn, from this terrestrial spot, —
Fond parents! — florists kind and dear!
Hinder them not.

Hinder them not! — even Love may spare
In blindness many a wayward shoot, —
Or weakly let the usurping tare
Divert the health-stream from their root;
Oh! by that negligence supine
Which oft the fairest page doth blot,
And shroud the ray, of light divine,
Hinder them not.

Cold world! — the teachings of thy guile
Awhile from these young hearts restrain;
Oh spare that unsuspecting smile
Which never may return again;
By folly's wile, by falsehood's kiss
Too soon acquir'd, too late forgot,
By sins that shut the soul from bliss,
Hinder them not.

Mrs Sigourney.

IV.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
Ye grew, fair children! hallow'd from that hour
By your Lord's blessing! surely thence a shower

Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
Through all the after years, which saw ye move,
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !
And honor'd be all childhood, for the sake
Of that high love ! Let reverential care
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

Mrs Hemans.

PARABLE OF THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

“ Why stand ye here idle ? ” — Matthew xx. 6.

THE God of Glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
‘ No longer stand ye idle here !

‘ Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light !
Ah fools ! why stand ye idle here ?

‘ Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life’s declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker’s business here !

‘ And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day !
And stand ye yet so idle here ?

‘ One hour remains, there is but one !
But many a shriek and many a tear
T rough bitter years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here !’

O Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner’s soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord !
And grant us grace to please thee here !

Heber.

LIFE AND DEATH.

“ Be not afraid of them that kill the body.”—Luke xii. 4.

O fear not thou to die !
But rather fear to live ; for Life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try
By peril, pain and strife.

Brief is the work of Death ;
But Life ! the spirit shrinks to see
How full ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of wo may be.

O fear not thou to die !
No more to suffer or to sin ;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within ;
But fear, O ! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair,
And deem itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die !
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done ;

Who feels that never more
The tear of grief or shame shall come,
For thousand wanderings from that Power
Who loved, and call'd him home.

THE RICH MAN.

"Then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided?" — Luke xii. 20.

THOU hast a fair domain,
Most proud and princely halls,
And richly thro' the crystal pane,
Thro' bowering branches fresh with rain,
The golden sunbeam falls,
Thick vine-leaves o'er thy grotto meet
In soft and fragrant bloom,
But who shall fill that favorite seat
When thou art in thy tomb?

The wealth of every age
Thou hast concentrated here,
The ancient tome, the classic page,
The wit, the poet, and the sage,
All at thy nod appear;

But studious head and anxious breast
To palsied Death must yield ;
Whose eye shall on those volumes rest
When thine in dust is sealed ?

Thou lov'st the burnish'd gold,
The silver from the mine,
The diamond glittering bright and cold,
And hoards, perchance, of gems untold,
Do in thy coffers shine ;
But when affection's eye shall weep
Its few, brief tears for thee,
When thou in thy dark grave dost sleep
Whose shall these treasures be ?
Mrs Sigourney.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

" And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say ; ' Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.' " — Mark x. 47.

" **MERCY**, O thou son of David ! "
Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd ;
" Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;

Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
“ Come and ask me what you will.”

Money was not what he wanted,
Tho’ by begging us’d to live ;
But he ask’d, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

“ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day ! ”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow’d Jesus in the way.

Oh ! methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
“ Friends, is not my cure amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !

“ Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis’d by me !
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.”

Newton.

MARY ANOINTING JESUS.

"There came a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head."—Matthew xxvi. 7.

I.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought ;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned,
And thought the poor bereft,
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For he approved the gift.

The poor are always with us here,
'Tis our great Father's plan,
That mutual wants and mutual care
May bind us, man to man.

Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest :
For sorrow's children comfort find
And help for all distress'd ; —

But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;

Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so *give all to Him !*

Christian Mirror.

II.

“ Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”—Matt. xxvi. 13.

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's hall ;
And on the waters of the far mid sea ;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee :
Where'er beneath some Oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
There art thou known — where'er the Book of
Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise above ;
Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary ! to that pure silent place of fame ?
One lowly offering of exceeding love.

Mrs Hemans.

ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

" And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, ' Hosanna to the Son of David.' "—Mt. xxi. 9.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosannas cry !
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Oh Christ ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin !

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his glorious throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, thy power and reign !
Heber.

JERUSALEM.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."—Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !
Enthroned once on high !
Thou favored home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky !
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see :
Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of him who call'd thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed king ;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free !

"And who art thou that mournest me ?"
Repli'd the ruins gray.

“ And fear'st not rather that thyself
 May prove a cast-away ?
I am a dried and abject branch,
 My place is given to thee ;
But woe to ev'ry barren graft
 Of thy wild olive tree !

Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
 And strange their punishment ;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
 But sinner warned be,
Who spared not his chosen seed
 May send his wrath on thee !

Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Thy noon is in its prime ;
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face
 In this accepted time !
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
 A lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem
 Thy home forever be ! ”

Heber.

PROPHECY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."—Mark
xiii. 37.

LIFE is a sea — how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling water's pace,
Its canopy, how pure !
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.

Life is a wilderness, — beset
With tangling thorns, and treacherous net,
And prowled by beasts of prey.
One path alone conducts aright,
One narrow path, with little light ;
A thousand lead astray.

Life is a warfare, — and alike
Prepared to parley, or to strike,
The practised foe draws nigh.
O hold no truce ! less dangerous far
To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
Than trust his specious lie.

Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
While life is lent to man below,

One duty stands confest,—
To watch incessant; firm of mind,
And watch, where'er the post's assigned,
And leave to God the rest.

'T was while they watched, the shepherd
swains
Heard angels strike, to angel-strains,
The song of heavenly love :
Blest harmony ! that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
Or e'er was tuned above.

'T was while they watched, the sages traced
The star, that every star effaced,
With new and nobler shine :
They followed, and it led the way
To where the infant Saviour lay,
And gave them light divine.

'T was while they watched, with lamp in
hand,
And oil well stored, the virgin band
The bridal pomp descried ;
They joined it, — and the heavenly gate,
That oped to them its glorious state,
Was closed on all beside.

Watch ! watch and pray ! in suffering hour
Thus he exclaimed, who felt its power,
And triumphed in the strife.
Victor of Death ! thy voice I hear ;
Fain would I watch with holy fear,
Would watch and pray through life's career,
And only cease with life.
John Mason Good.

THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.

“ And the King shall answer and say unto them ; ‘ Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’ ”
Matthew xxv. 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, “ Nay ;”
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ;— not a word he spake ;—
Just perishing for want of bread ;

I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,— but gave me part again.—
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was
gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side :

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart.
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked, if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

Montgomery.

THE PREPARATION.

“Where wilt thou that we prepare?”—Luke xxii. 9.

PREPARE the Saviour room,
Where'er thou hast a place,
And to thy banquet he will come,
In all his matchless grace.

Prepare the temple high,
The place of public prayer—
And, clothed with grace and majesty
He'll meet the people there.

Prepare the social hall,
Where saints commune and pray—
And there as humble faith shall call,
He'll all his love display.

Prepare the household shrine,
And there thy children bring—
And daily he will stoop to shine
On that domestic ring.

Prepare the secret place,
The closet of thy thought—
And there he'll meet thee face to face,
And all thy hopes promote.

But most thyself prepare —
The temple of thy soul! —
And let all high affections there
Confess his sweet control.

Let every thought make room,
And passions all give place —
And to thy bosom he will come,
In peace and truth and grace.

Religious Magazine.

JESUS WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

“What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.” — John xiii. 7.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God
With his own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all he does ; and if such peace,
While under his afflicting hand we find,
What will it be to see him as he is,
And pass the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose ? To contemplate
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which his wisdom has prepared his saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains !
Come then, affliction, if my Father bids,

And be my frowning friend. A friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.

We welcome clouds which bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

Swaine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of me."— Luke xxii. 19.

I.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Thou wilt remember me.

Montgomery.

II.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :

O ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's wo !

While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee ;
What love his latest words display'd,
" Meet and remember me ! "

Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O Memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there !

Bernard Barton.

CONVERSATION AT THE SUPPER.

" I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."—John xiv. 6.

I.

THOU art the Way — and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of wo,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth — whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;

The light, that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go ;
The word, whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life — the blessed well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more ;
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven ;—
Thou art the Life — the Truth — the Way.
Anonymous.

II.

This world is like a wilderness
Between our homes and heaven —
And we, like pilgrims in distress,
By fear and danger driven.
And many a smooth and flowery path,
Across the desert wide,
Though overhung with clouds of wrath,
Tempt us to step aside.
And yet, none ever need to stray —
Christ is the true, the only Way !

Oh ! many snares our steps surround,
False light our way attends,
And still in all our paths are found
False foes, and fearful friends.
False, false are pleasure's siren smiles,
False is the glare of wealth,
False are ambition's flattering wiles,
And false the flush of health.
Still, for our guide, in age and youth,
Christ is the fountain of all TRUTH !

O'er all the daily paths we tread,
The graves are yawning wide ;
We seem, the living with the dead,
To travel side by side.
Death reigns in every hideous form
With undenied control ;
While sin, that foul, devouring worm,
Corrupts and kills the soul.
But faith looks calmly, 'mid the strife,
To Jesus, her " eternal LIFE !

Though dark the wilderness of sin,
With snares on every side ;
Though foes without, and foes within,
Tempt us from truth aside ;
Though every awful form of death
Conspire to give alarm ; —

Let humble hope and fervent faith
Dispel the fearful charm —
For Jesus condescends to say,
“ I AM THE LIFE — THE TRUTH — THE WAY ! ”
Religious Magazine.

III.

“ If ye love me, keep my commandments.”— John xiv. 15.

If Love, the noblest, purest, best,
If Truth, all other truth above,
Will claim returns from every breast,—
O, surely Jesus claims our love !

OUR LOVE ! yea, sooner may the hand
Forget its office, than the heart,
Once taught His love to understand,
Desert its own appointed part.

There's not a hope, with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile :
I see him when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him I tread the hallow'd ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
I weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise — and weep no more.

Does friendship gild my favor'd state,
O faithful to the last ! be mine
Thy blessed course to emulate,
And pray for truth, for love like thine !

Then ask me not to live, and be
A stranger to that generous flame,
Which warms, and, to eternity,
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.,
Emily Taylor.

IV.

"Peace I leave with you."—John xiv. 27.

"PEACE" was the song the Angels sang,
When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
To calm the watchful shepherds' fears, —
"WAR" is the word that man hath spoke,
Convuls'd by passions dark and dread,
And Pride enforc'd a lawless yoke
Even while the Gospel's banner spread.

"Peace" was the prayer the Saviour breathed
When from our world his steps withdrew,
The gift he to his friends bequeathed
With Calvary and the Cross in view: —
Redeemer! with admiring love
Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realm of rest.

Mrs Sigourney.

V.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John xv. 14.

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,
This world of changes and farewells, a friend
That will not fail me in his love and worth,
Tender, and firm, and faithful to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest —
Long on vain idols its devotion shed;
Some have forsaken whom I loved the best,
And some deceived, and some are with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour ! thou, my hope and trust,
Faithful art thou when friends and joys depart;
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
And fix on thee, Unchanging One, my heart !
Mrs Hemans.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

“ They went out into the Mount of Olives.”—Matt. xxvi. 30.

I.

'T is night ; — a lovely night : — and lo !
Like men in vision seen,
The Saviour and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,
Led by heaven's lamp serene, —
From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
To Olivet's dark steep ;
There o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frown'd ;
Their dream of thrones has fled ;
The table that his love has crown'd,
They ne'er again shall gather round,
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven ; —
Then when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We'll look from earth to heaven.

Pierpont.

II.

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto his disciples ; ' Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' " — Matthew xxvi. 36.

O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep.

All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief and care —
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless ;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
There's a composing power
That meets them on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray.
Of this religious hour.

'T is a religious hour ; — for he
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.

O, Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

Pierpont.

III.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"Behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

Matthew xxvi. 39, 46.

THE moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow
Set with the morning star, was not yet dim ;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.

'T was the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bath'd leaves of silver, seem'd dissolv'd
In visible stillness, and as Jesus' voice
With its bewildering sweetness met the ear
Of his disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindnesses
Of his deep love were pour'd, he felt the need
Of near communion, for his gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hush'd silentness,
Alone with God, he fell upon his face,
And as his heart was broken with the rush
Of his surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to him from a dying universe,
Were mightier than the Son of man could bear,
He gave his sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of his soul, breathed out the prayer,
"Father, if it be possible with thee,
Let this cup pass from me." Oh, how a word,
Like the forc'd drop before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the press of human agony !
The Saviour felt its quiet in his soul ;
And tho' his strength was weakness, and the light
Which led him on till now was sorely dim,

He breathed a new submission — "Not my will,
But thine be done, oh Father!" As he spoke,
Voices were heard in Heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky
As if the stars were swept like instruments.
No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumin'd forehead, and the light
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within his eye, bow'd down to him,
And nerved him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough — and with his godlike brow
Rewritten of his Father's messenger,
With meekness, whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, he return'd again
To his disciples, and awak'd their sleep,
For "he that should betray him was at hand."

Willis.

IV.

"Then all the disciples forsook him and fled." — Matthew
xxvi. 56.

FLED! — and from whom? The Man of woe
Who in Gethsemane had felt
Such pangs as bade the blood drops flow
And the crushed heart with anguish melt?

They who were gathered round his board,
Partook his love, beheld his power,
Saw the sick healed, the dead restored,
Fail'd they to watch one fearful hour ?

All fled ? Yet *one* there was who laid
His head upon that sacred breast,
By Friendship's holy ardor made
A cherished, an illustrious guest ;
One too, who walked with Christ the wave
When the mad sea confessed his sway,
And strangely sealed her gaping grave, —
Fled *these* forgetfully away ?

Yes. — *All* forsook the Master's side
When foes and dangers clustered round,
And when in bitterness he cried,
'Mid the dread garden's awful bound,
Yet knew they not how near him stood
The host of Heaven, a guardian train,
Deploring man's ingratitude
And wondering at his Saviour's pain.

Oh ! ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient Hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue,

Who shrink from Persecution's rod
Or Slander's fang, or Treachery's tone,
Look merely to the Son of God,
And in his griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye? — so was he, —
Reviled? — yet check the vengeful word, —
Rejected? — should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
Nor dream that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot, —
Deluded man from God may fly,
But *when was man by God forgot?*

Mrs. Sigourney.

CONDEMNATION OF JESUS.

"Behold the man." — John xix. 5.

BEHOLD the man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims to be the Son of God.

Behold the man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

Behold the man ! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear ;
But soon must he who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment seat appear.

Behold the man ! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above ;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

Christian Psalmist.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I.

"Weep for yourselves, and for your children." — Luke
xxiii. 28.

We mourn for those who *toil*,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain ;
For those who in the world's hard race
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase,—
Why mourn for those who *rest* ?

We mourn for those who *sin*,
Bound in the tempter's snare,

Whom siren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair,
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore, —
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who *sin no more* ?

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend ; —
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
Oh, mourn for them no more !

Mrs Sigourney.

II.

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called
the place of a skull." John xix : 17.

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
Holiest of sufferers ! round thy path of woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek
brow,
My heart was awed : the burden of thy pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue spread
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
Of victory from thy mien ! and round thy head,
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seemed of the very soul's bright rising born,
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

And upwards, through transparent darkness
gleaming,
Gazed, in mute reverence, woman's earnest eye,
Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep love's fer-
vency ;
Gathering, like incense round some dim-veil'd
shrine,
About the Form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let thine image, as e'en then it rose,
Live in my soul forever, calm and clear,
Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope or fear !
A holy place, where through all storms may lie
One living beam of day-spring from on high.

Mrs Hemans.

III.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors; one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—Luke xxiii. 33.

CITY of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out thy living stream?
The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn; — from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow,
Looks a new risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail:
And wo to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride:

And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done !
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep ;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies' roar :
They see in Sion's hall of state
The sign that maketh desolate —
The idol — standard — pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall ; the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain :
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears ;
Jerusalem, a vanished name,
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood,
But on the murderer's furious van,
Who totters on ? A weary man ;

A cross upon his shoulders bound —
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary.
What slave upon that hill must die ?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food ?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third ? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name ;
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned
King !

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned,
No vengeance flashes from the eye ;
The sufferer calmly waits to die :
The sceptre reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on the pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven ;

Now triumph, scribe and Pharisee !
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee !
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne !

Still from his lip no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom ;
No earthquake burst, no angel brand
Crushes the black, blaspheming hand,
What say those lips by anguish riven ?
" God, be my murderers forgiven ! "

Croly.

IV.

" There was darkness over all the earth."—Luke xxiii. 44.

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
Felt shudderingly at noon : —the land had driven
A Guest divine back to the gates of Heaven,
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
All grace, all truth : —and, when to anguish
 wrung,
From the sharp cross th' enlightened spirit fled,
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was flung.

O Saviour ! O Atoner ! thou that fain
Wouldst make thy temple in each human heart,
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
Chased thence by guilt !— oh ! turn not *thou*
away,
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect
day !
Mrs Hemans.

V.

“ There were also women looking on.”— Mark xv. 40.

LIKE those pale stars of tempest hours, whose
gleam

Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,
Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering
seem,

Daughters of Zion ! faithful to the last !

Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth
cast

By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,

E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,
Stood in the shadow of his agony.

O blessed faith ; a guiding lamp, that hour,
Was lit for woman's heart ; to her, whose dower
Is all of love and suffering from her birth ;

Still hath your act a voice — through fear,
 through strife,
 Bidding her bind each tendril of her life
To that which her deep soul hath proved of ho-
 liest worth.

Mrs Hemans.

VI.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory! —
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy!

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory! —

Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

"He is not here, but is risen." — Luke xxiv. 6.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him

Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.'

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Henry Ware jun.

II.

"Go your way, — tell his disciples, and *Peter*, that He
goeth before you into Galilee." — Mark xvi. 7.

BUT wherefore *Peter*? He whose pride
Dream'd on the monarch sea to tread,
Whose traitor tongue with oaths denied
His master, in the hour of dread,
Wherefore to *him* in accents sweet,
Such words of heavenly solace bear,
And not to those whose firmer feet
Indignant foil'd the Tempter's snare?

Hark! from a risen Saviour's tomb,
The guardian seraph makes reply,
And sweet amid sepulchral gloom
Flows forth the language of the sky,
To teach us how the flame of love,
With silent ministry sublime
May in repentant bosoms move,
And neutralize a mass of crime.

So when some erring brother mourns,
His recreant course, with grief severe,
Haste, and with tender accent breathe
The "*Go, tell Peter,*" in his ear,
For angels soothe the pangs of woe
That swell when contrite tears are shed,
And pure as light, the pearl may glow
That darkest slept in ocean's bed.

Mrs Sigourney.

III.

"Jesus saith unto her; '*Mary.*'"—John *xx.* 18.

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn was given
After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial rocks had
 riven,
Thrill'd with immortal tones the silent air!
Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bow'd
By strong affection's anguish!—one low word—
 "*Mary!*"—and all the triumph wrung from
 death
Was thus reveal'd! and thou that so hadst err'd,
So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith

Didst cast thee down before th' all conquering
Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had
won !

Mrs Hemans.

AFTER THE RESURRECTION.

I.

" Abide with us ; for it is towards evening, and the day is
far spent." — Luke xxiv. 29.

'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh may no earth-born clouds arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Keble.

“ Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us
by the way ? ”—Luke xxiv. 32.

II.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him,
 one
Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done ;
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them with a kind engaging air
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here —
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?

Cowper.

III.

HATH not thy heart within thee burn'd
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,

A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?

And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turn'd
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?

It was the voice of God, that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh yet be near !
In low, sweet accents whisper peace :
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.
S. G. Bulfinch.

IV.

" The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke xxiv. 34.

' THE Lord is risen indeed :'
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

The Lord is risen indeed :
Then death has lost his prey,
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

The Lord is risen indeed :
Attending angels hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Kelly.

V.

" Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them ; ' Peace be unto you.' "—
John xx. 19.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord
Rise from the chambers of the dead was come.
His faithful followers, assembled, sang
A hymn, low-breathed ; a hymn of sorrow, blent
With hope ; when, in the midst, sudden he stood

The awe-struck circle backward shrink ; he looks
Around with a benignant smile of love,
And says, "*Peace be unto you :*" faith and joy
Spread o'er each face, amazed, as when the moon,
Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,
Silvering a circlet in the fleecy ranks.

Grahame.

VI.

"Peter, seeing him, saith to Jesus; 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' Jesus saith unto him, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.' " — John xxi. 21, 22.

"LORD, and what shall this man do?"

Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early call'd to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate:

Whether in his lonely course
Lonely, not forlorn he stay.
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, — slave or free,
Wealthy, or despis'd and poor —
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure ?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly lov'd ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief ;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And the grace, to follow Thee.

Keble.

THE ASCENSION.

Hail to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down, like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is — LOVE.
Montgomery.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

N. B. The emendations of the Common Version required by Griesbach, are designated by the Initial G.

The reader will probably, consult the Notes in order; therefore, information once given, with regard to any passage which is also applicable to subsequent passages, is neither repeated nor referred to.

CHAPTER I.

Page. Note

13. 1. "Herod"—Herod the Great. Palestine being, at that time, a province of the Roman Empire, Herod was dependent on the Emperor Cesar Augustus Octavianus, who allowed him the title of king.
13. 2. "Course of Abia"—or Abijah. 1 Chron. xxiv. Compare 2 Chron. viii. 14.
14. 3. "Gabriel," means Man-of-God. To "stand in the presence of God," signifies to be favored of God.
15. 4. "A horn of salvation." A horn was an emblem of power, dignity and strength.
16. 5. "All the world"—the whole empire, or perhaps, all the land of Palestine. "Taxed"—registered, for the purpose of taking a census.
18. 6. "Jesus"—the same as Joshua, meaning "a Saviour."
18. 7. "Wise men"—Magi from Persia or Arabia.
18. 8. "King of the Jews"—one of the titles of the Messiah.

Page. Note.

18. 9. "Christ"—the Christ,—the Anointed,—the Messiah.
18. 10. "Thou Bethlehem."—Micah. v. 2.
19. 11. "Out of Egypt."—Hos. xi. 1.
20. 12. "In Rama."—Jer. xxxi. 15.
20. 13. "The passover." The three great FEASTS OF THE Jews were: 1. *The Passover*, which took place at that full moon which occurred at the vernal equinox, or first after it; or, to the extent perhaps, of two or three days before it. The Passover, or Feast of Unleavened Bread, was designed to commemorate the preservation of the Israelites, when the first born of the Egyptians were destroyed, and at this feast the first fruits of the barley harvest were offered. 2. *The Pentecost*, or *Feast of Weeks*, occurred seven weeks, or fifty days after the Passover, and commemorated the giving of the law. At this feast the first fruits of the wheat harvest were offered. 3. *The Tabernacles*, which occurred near the end of (our) September, or the beginning of (our) October, when the produce of the fields and vineyards had been gathered in. It was observed to commemorate the abode of the Israelites, in tents or tabernacles, in the desert, and also as a thanksgiving for the blessings of the year. Every adult Jew, at least if dwelling in the land, was under obligation to attend at each of these three festivals. Besides the above, there was another considerable festival, mentioned in the Gospels, viz. — the Feast of Dedication, held usually in December, in commemoration of the purification of the temple, by Judas Maccabæus. — See Ex. xxiii. 14—17; xxxiv. 23. Deut xvi. 16. Hebron's Pilgrimage. Jahn's Archaeology. Carpenter's Harmony.

CHAPTER II.

Page. Note.

22. 1. "Kingdom of Heaven"—This, and the like phrases, mean, in general, the reign of the Messiah, who, according to the expectation of the Jews, was to be a temporal prince, and their deliverer from the dominion of the Romans. Christ used these expressions, figuratively, with reference to his spiritual dominion over men, and the establishment of his religion in the world.
22. 2. "Esaias." Is. xl. 3,4.
22. 3. "Pharisees and Sadducees"—Two great sects among the Jews. They were, in general, rich, haughty and self-righteous. The latter did not believe in the resurrection of the dead.
23. 4. "Abraham to our Father"—The degenerate Jews relied on the *letter* of the promises made to Abraham and the rigid observance of the ceremonial law, for acceptance with God.
23. 5. "Publicans"—Tax-gatherers appointed by the Romans, and therefore odious to the Jews.
23. 6. "Fan"—a winnowing shovel,—used to throw up the corn against the wind, which would blow away the chaff.
24. 7. "It is written." The passages from the Old Testament quoted or referred to in this account of the Temptation, are Deut. viii. 3 ; Ps. xci. 11, 12 ; Deut. vi. 16, and perhaps Deut. vi. 13.
26. 8. "Elias"—"that prophet." The Jews thought that Elijah, or (perhaps) one of the prophets, would reappear in person as the forerunner of the Messiah—Mal. iv. 5.
26. 9. "Bethabara"—"Bethany."—G.
27. 10. "Being interpreted." John wrote for others besides the Jews, he therefore translated Hebrew words, and explained some of the Jewish customs.

Page. [] Note.

27. 11. "About the tenth hour." It may be well to give here at one view, a brief statement, of the Jewish mode of reckoning time.

The Year, consisted of twelve *lunar* months, consisting alternately of twentynine and thirty days, commencing with the first appearance of the new moon. An intercalary month was added, as often as was necessary, to accommodate the *lunar* to the *solar* year. The *civil* year began with the *autumnal*, and the *ecclesiastical*, or sacred year, with the *vernal* equinox.

The Day, was reckoned from evening to evening. The *Natural Day*, from sunrise to sunset, was divided into six unequal parts. 1. The break of day, (subdivided afterwards into two parts.) 2. The morning, or sunrise. 3. The heat of the day, beginning about 9, A. M. 4. Mid-day. 5. The cool of the day. 6. The evening, (subdivided into two parts.)

Hours. The principal were the 3d, 6th and 9th. The day was divided into twelve hours, numbered from the rising of the sun; so that at the season of the equinox the 3d corresponded to our 9th, the 6th to our 12th and so on. At other seasons, it is necessary to observe when the sun rises and reduce the hours to our time accordingly. In Palestine, at the *Summer Solstice*, the sun rises at 5 of our time, and sets about 7. At the *Winter Solstice*, the sun rises about 7 and sets about 5.

The Night. In the time of Christ the night was divided into four watches. 1. The evening, from twilight to (our) 9 o'clock. 2. Midnight, from 9 to 12. 3. Cock-crowing, from 12 to 3. 4. Early time, (see John xx. 1) from 3 till day-break. See Jahn's Archæology.

28. 12. "Come out of Nazareth." Nazareth was a small town, the inhabitants of which did not sustain a good character. See Luke iv 16—30.
28. 13. "An Israelite indeed." A descendant of Abraham not merely by birth, but also in character.
29. 14. "Six water-pots"—"purifying"—Urns, or large vessels to contain water, that the guests might wash before eating.

CHAPTER III.

Page. Note.

30. 1. "Sold oxen and sheep, &c."—for the sacrifices.
 "The changers of money"—those who exchanged the money of the Jews who came from foreign places, into the currency of Judea.
30. 2. "Zeal of thy house."—Ps. lxi. 9.
30. 3. "Forty and six years was this temple, &c."—Herod the Great commenced rebuilding the temple about sixteen years before the birth of Christ. The main body of the building was completed in nine years and a half; but additions, &c. continued to be made during eighty years from its foundation.
32. 4. "A master of Israel"—a teacher.
32. 5. "Moses lifted up the serpent."—Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

CHAPTER IV.

34. 1. "Jacob gave to his son Joseph."—Gen. xlviii. 22.
34. 2. "No dealings with the Samaritans." The Samaritans were a mixed people dwelling in the country between Judea and Galilee. Great enmity existed between them and the Jews, occasioned, among other things, by the opposition of the Samaritans to the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, after the Babylonish captivity, and the erection of a temple on Mount Gerizim. The Samaritans received only the Five Books of Moses; they were, however, looking for the Messiah.
36. 3. "Salvation is of the Jews"—The Messiah is to come of the Jews.
37. 4. "Lift up your eyes"—Pointing, perhaps, as he spoke, to the people coming out of the city.

CHAPTER V.

Page. Note.

38. 1. "Jesus himself testified."—There seems to be little connexion between the 43d and 44th verses as they now read. The meaning may be, "Jesus went to Galilee, *but not to Nazareth*, for he testified, &c." or "Jesus went into Galilee, although he testified, &c."
39. 2. "A feast,"—probably the Pentecost.
40. 3. "It is the Sabbath day." The Jews were, in some respects, superstitious in their notions in regard to the Sabbath. See Jahn's *Archæology*.
40. 4. "And sought to slay him." These words are omitted by G.

CHAPTER VI.

43. 1. "David did."—1 Sam. xxi. 1—7.
43. 2. "Shew-bread."—Lev. xxiv. 5—9.
44. 3. "Where it is written."—Is. lxi. 1, 2.
44. 4. "Days of Elias."—1 Kings xvii. 8—24.
45. 5. "Naaman, &c." 2 Kings v.

CHAPTER VII.

50. 1. "That great day"—On this day the Priest filled a golden vessel at the pool of Siloam, and it was borne, with great solemnity, through a gate of the temple, and, being mixed with wine, poured on the altar, &c. The performance of this ceremony might have suggested the figurative language of Jesus. See Helon's *Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*.
51. 2. "But this people," &c. "But this people who knoweth not the law, *believeth*; they are cursed."—G.
52. 3. "Written in your law." Deut. xvii. 6. xix. 15.

Page. Note.

53. 4. "I know that ye are Abraham's SEED;"—I know ye are the *natural* descendants of Abraham; but you do not resemble him in character. You are not his *children*.
55. 5. "Going through the midst of them, and so passed by." These words are omitted by G.

CHAPTER VIII.

56. 1. "Who did sin." The Jews regarded all calamities as the effects of sin.
57. 2. "He is of age"—He is of sufficient age to give testimony. Among the Jews this age was fixed at thirteen years.
60. 3. "As the Father knoweth"—"As the Father knoweth me and I know the Father, &c."—G.

CHAPTER IX.

61. 1. "The land of Zabulon."—Is. ix. 1, 2.

CHAPTER X.

64. 1. "Inherit the earth," i. e. possess the land; the land of promise was to the Israelites when they left Egypt, the seat of every blessing; hence to 'inherit the land,' became a proverbial expression for the enjoyment of peace and felicity.
65. 2. "Ye are the salt"—Maundrell, in describing the valley of salt, a few miles from Aleppo, says; "I broke a piece (of the salt) of which that part exposed to the rain, sun and air, though it had the sparks and particles of salt, yet it had perfectly lost its savor."—It is said that a kind of insipid salt, brought from the Dead Sea, was sprinkled, in wet weather, over the slippery ascent to the temple; to this practice there may be an allusion in the text.

Page. Note.

66. 3. "The Scribes and Pharisees," The Scribes, Doctors or Teachers of the Law, studied the Scriptures, and expounded them in the synagogues; and as most of them were of the sect of Pharisees, they are spoken of as "Scribes and Pharisees."
66. 4. "Them of old time." To show the defects in the righteousness of the Scribes, &c., Jesus quotes and comments upon the commandments of Moses and the traditions, and glosses given in explanation of them by the teachers of the law.
66. 5. "Raca"—A Syriac word, expressive of great contempt.
66. 6. "The Council"—i. e. the Sanhedrim, the highest tribunal of the Jews, established in the time of the Maccabees about one hundred and fifty years before Christ. It consisted of seventy-two members, made up of those who had been high priests, — the elders, i. e. heads of families and tribes, — and the scribes. The sessions of the Sanhedrim were held at Jerusalem and the high priest presided. By this tribunal Christ was condemned.
66. 7. "In danger of hell-fire."—The original of "hell-fire" is, "the Gehenna of fire." The word Gehenna commonly translated, "hell," signifies, the Valley of Hinnom—a place near to Jerusalem on the east, where the Israelites formerly worshipped Moloch. See 1 Kings xi. 7. 2 Kings xvi. 3, 4. After the Jews had returned to the worship of the true God, they regarded the Valley of Hinnom with abhorrence, and made it not only the receptacle of filth and rubbish, but also threw into it the carcasses of animals, &c. —to consume which, lest the air should become pestilential, fires were kept constantly burning.
67. 8. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself."—Exod. xx. 7. Levit. xix. 12. Deut. xxiii. 21—23.
67. 9. "An eye for an eye," Exod. xxi. 24, 25. Levit. xxiv. 19, 20. Deut. xix. 21.

Page. Note.

67. 10. "Take away thy coat." The Jews wore two principal garments. The "coat," or *tunic*, encircled the whole body and extended to the knees; over this was worn an upper garment, or "*cloak*," made nearly square.
67. 11. "Compel thee to go a mile."—The figure is borrowed from a Persian custom which allowed messengers on public business to demand assistance from those they met.

CHAPTER XI.

68. 1. "Do not your alms."—"Do not your acts of righteousness."—G.
68. 2. "Let not thy left hand."—A proverbial expression.
69. 3. "Anoint thy head" — Observe your usual habits in regard to dress, &c.
71. 4. "Cast into the oven"—Dried grass, the stalks of plants, &c., owing to the scarcity of wood, were used for fuel in the east.
71. 5. "Into your bosom" — The front part of the garments were, among the Jews, made large, so as to be used for pockets.
71. 6. "Beholdest thou the mote, &c."—Proverbial expressions.
72. 7. "Because straight is the gate, &c." "How straight is the gate and narrow the way, which leadeth unto life! and few there be that find it."—G.

CHAPTER XII.

74. 1. "There came a leper." The leprosy of the East is a dreadful disease, which reduces the sufferer to a most offensive condition. The first indication of it is a small red spot, but as the disease proceeds it covers the body with white scales. (Numb. xii. 10. 2 Kings v. 27.) It

Page. Note.

is infectious, and the leper was obliged to live apart from his friends. (Numb. v. 2. 2 Kings xv. 5.) The cure of the leprosy, in its advanced stages, was beyond human skill. (2 Kings v. 7.) For an account of the manner of treating lepers, see Levit. xiii. and xiv.

77. 2. "There met him out of the tombs a man"—Compare Matt. viii. 28—34, and Luke viii. 26. There is some difference in the accounts given of this transaction by the different Evangelists. 1. Matthew says, "the territory of the Gergesenes," but Mark and Luke, "of the Gadarenes." Gadara was a city of some importance, which lay to the East or South East of the Sea of Tiberias: Gergesa was a place of less note in the same part of the country; the region in the neighborhood of each, may have been indiscriminately called after the name of either city. 2. Matthew speaks of two demons, — while Mark and Luke mention only one. Probably one was more furious or better known than the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

74. 1. "They uncovered the roof, where he was"—Jesus was probably in the area or court, where visitors were frequently received, and business transacted. Over this area was drawn a curtain or screen, as a defence from the sun. Eastern houses were, in general, in the form of a hollow square, of one story and with a flat roof, used as a walk.
80. 2. "Levi the son of Alphaeus"—The same as Matthew.
81. 3. "No man putteth a piece of new garment, &c." i. e. a piece of *undressed*, not *fulled* cloth — which, when wet, would shrink.
81. 4. "New wine into old bottles"—Bottles in the east were and are still, made of the skins of beasts. See Joshua ix. 4.

CHAPTER XIV.

Page. Note.

85. 1. "Nor scrip"—A sort of knapsack or wallet made of skin.

CHAPTER XV.

90. 1. "Like unto children"—Alluding to the imitative plays of children.
94. 2. "Went down from Jerusalem, &c." The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was mountainous and dangerous, and infested with robbers. It is also said that many Priests and Levites lived at Jericho and therefore were frequently obliged to go to Jerusalem to officiate, in their turn, in the temple.
96. 3. "And it was winter, &c." The season is mentioned as the reason why Jesus "walked in Solomon's Porch,"—a covered way on the east side of the Temple.
96. 4. "I said ye are gods." Ps. lxxxii. 6.

CHAPTER XVI.

98. 1. "The chief rooms"—rather, "the highest places at the table."

CHAPTER XVII.

111. 1. "Herodians"—"Probably partisans of Herod Antipas, Tetrach of Galilee, who were for continuing the royal power in the descendants of Herod the Great. This was an object, which, it appears, the greater part of the nation, especially the Pharisees, did not favor." Campbell.
111. 2. "Behold my servant, &c." Is. xlii. 1—4.
113. 3. "Sign of the prophet Jonas." See book of Jonah.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Page. Note.

117. 1. "Prophesy of Esaias."—Is. vi. 9, 10.
 120. 2. "I will open my mouth in parables."—Ps. lxxviii
 2.

CHAPTER XIX.

123. 1. "Herod"—This was Herod Antipas, a son of Herod the Great, who ruled over Galilee and Perea.

CHAPTER XX.

132. 1. "It is a gift, &c." This refers to a practice by which the Pharisees and others pretended to devote property to the service of God as an excuse for refusing to support father or mother.
 132. 2. "This people draweth nigh, &c." Is. xxix. 13.
 133. 3. "To cast it to dogs"—The Jews were accustomed to apply contemptuous terms—such as dogs, &c. to other nations. Jesus wished to try the woman's faith.

CHAPTER XXI.

137. 1. "Simon Barjona"—i. e. "Simon son of Jona."
 139. 2. "And he asked the scribes, &c."—"And he asked *them*, 'what question ye *with them*?'"—G.
 139. 3. "He answereth him, &c." "He answereth, and saith *unto them*."—G.
 141. 4. "Received tribute money"—For the use of the temple. Exod. xxx. 11—16.

CHAPTER XXII.

142. 1. "For he that is not against us, &c." "For he that is not against *you*, is on *your* part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water, *for the reason* that ye belong to Christ, &c."—G.

Page. Note

144. 2. "And goeth into the mountains and seeketh, &c."
"Upon the mountains, and goeth and seeketh, &c."—G.

CHAPTER XXIII.

147. 1. "As Elias did."—2 Kings i. 10—12.
147. 2. "Ye know not what manner of spirit, &c."—G. makes this a question,—*"Know ye not, &c."* and omits the next sentence,—*"For the son of man, &c."*
148. 3. "There are not found, &c." "Are there not found, &c."—G.
149. 4. "Two women shall be grinding, &c." Grinding in the East was chiefly performed by hand. The lower mill-stone was fixed, and the upper one was turned upon it, by a handle, by two persons, sitting opposite to each other. This and other similar allusions in the context, are intended to indicate the suddenness of the predicted calamity.
150. 5. "I give tithes"—A tenth part of the possessions of the Jews was required for the support of the Levites. (Num. xviii. 21.) In addition to the tithes strictly required by law, the Pharisees had tithed, even the smallest matters—as mint, anise, cummin, &c.
151. 6. "Why callest thou me good?" "Why asketh thou me concerning good? One is good, &c."—G.

CHAPTER XXIV.

155. 1. "Let your loins be girded, &c."—i. e. be ready to depart. The allusion is to the custom of confining or girding up the outer garment by a sash, so that it might not impede the progress of the traveller.

Page. Note.

155. 2. "Your lights burning"—The bridegroom usually brought home his bride, after a feast at her father's house, at night. See Note 1. Chapter xxxi.
157. 3. "And what will I, if it be already kindled, &c." "And how I wish that it were already kindled!"—G.
157. 4. "The Galileans"—Who these were is uncertain. Some suppose them to have been the followers of one Judas of Galilee, the leader of a party who refused to pay tribute to Cæsar and raised a sedition in the fourteenth year of Christ. They probably came to Jerusalem to offer sacrifices, and were there slain.

CHAPTER XXV.

160. 1. "Jesus went before them"—like a fearless leader. "And they were amazed, &c."—They wondered that he should go to Jerusalem where he had told them he should be put to death.
161. 2. "James and John, &c." According to Matthew xx. 20, 21, the request of James and John was made by their mother.
164. 3. "Blind Bartimeus." In Matt. xx. 30, two blind men are mentioned; probably Bartimeus was the best known.

CHAPTER XXVI.

167. 1. "Tell ye the daughter of Zion"—A figurative name for Jerusalem. Zechariah ix. 9.
168. 2. "Out of the mouth of babes, &c." Ps. viii. 2.

CHAPTER XXVII.

169. 1. "Certain Greeks"—These were either, 1. Jews who spoke the Greek language and dwelt in some Grecian city; 2. Proselytes or converts, from the Greeks, to Judaism—or 3. Idolators, or Gentiles.

Page. Note.

170. 2. "Who hath believed our report?" Is. liii. 1.
170. 3. "He hath blinded their eyes. &c." Is. vi. 9, 10.
172. 4. "Is it not written, &c."—Is. lvi. 7. Jer. vii. 11.
175. 5. "The stone which the builders, &c." Ps. cxviii. 22, 23.
175. 6. "And whosoever shall fall, &c."—It was one of the modes of punishment in the east, to cast the criminal down from a precipice and then throw stones upon him. To this custom Jesus alludes. Having called himself the corner stone; he says "whosoever runs against it—i. e. is offended with me, shall injure himself; but on whomsoever it shall fall, he shall be crushed—i. e. those who reject me shall perish."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

178. 1. "I am the God of Abraham, &c." Exod. iii. 6, 15.

CHAPTER XXIX.

179. 1. "The Lord saith, &c.—Ps. cx. 1.
180. 2. "Their phylacteries"—Phylacteries were pieces of parchment containing select precepts of the law, worn by the Jews on their foreheads and wrists, in conformity. as they supposed, to the requisitions of the law. Exod. xiii. 9—16. Deut. vi. 8.
180. 3. "Borders of their garments."—Numb. xv. 38. This custom was to distinguish the Jews from other nations.
182. 4. "Extortion and excess."—"Extortion and unrighteousness."—G.

CHAPTER XXX.

187. 1. "Watch ye therefore, &c."—"Watch ye therefore always, and pray that ye may be accounted worthy, &c."—G.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Page. Note.

188. 1. "To meet the bridegroom"—"It is the custom in the east," says Jahn, "for the bridegroom, with his young male friends, to go forth in the evening cheered by music, to seek his bride at her father's house; who returns with him followed by young virgins, lighting the way with flambeaux."
189. 2. "When the Son of Man cometh." These words are omitted by G.

CHAPTER XXXII.

193. 1. "The first day of unleavened bread, &c."—The following is the order of the incidents at the Last Supper, adopted in the text as most probable. 1. The preparation for the feast on the afternoon of Thursday. 2. The words of Christ at the introduction of the meal, and the giving of the *first* cup,—mentioned by Luke. 3. The strife among the disciples. 4. The washing of the disciples feet. 5. The charge against Judas, and his going out. 6. The warning of Peter. 7. The Institution of the Supper. The discourses of Jesus in the next chapter were uttered, probably, after the breaking up of the meal, but before they left the room.
194. 2. "He sat down" i. e. reclined. The Jews at their feasts reclined on couches, on their left side, with their feet extending from the table, and so lying that the head of one was against the bosom of another. This was John's position in regard to Jesus.
194. 3. "And he took the cup, &c. &c."—The Paschal Supper was usually celebrated after the following manner. "The master of the house, who officiated as priest, opened with a short prayer, and handed round a cup of wine, mingled with water. After all had drunken and washed their hands, the lamb, with the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, and some other

Page. Note.

dishes were served. In eating, the son asked the father of the house, what all this meant; and he replied, that it was done in remembrance of the departure from Egypt. Hereupon, the 113th and 114th Psalms were read. Next came the second cup upon the partaking of which, the master of the house breaks the unleavened bread and divides it among the guests, who eat it in the sauce of bitter herbs. Here follows the third cup, called the cup of blessing, and the singing of Psalms 115 to 118. At the fourth cup Psalms. 126 to 137, were sometimes read. The meal ended with the fifth cup."—Extracts from the Commentary of Olshausen, in *Western Messenger*, for Feb. 1837.

It is probable that our Saviour complied with the custom of the Jews. The *third* cup is that, generally, supposed to have been taken by Jesus when he instituted the supper.

197. 4. "Give a sop"—i. e. a piece of bread dipped in the sauce.
199. 5. "He that hath no sword"—This passage is probably only a figurative intimation of the dangers that awaited them.
199. 6. "It is enough"—i. e. perhaps, "enough has been said;—you do not understand me;— but other matters press on, and you will soon know my meaning."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

201. 1. "Not Iscariot"—This was Lebbeus or Thaddeus. See Matt. x. 3.
207. 2. "Do ye now believe?" "Ye do now believe."—G.
208. 3. "Keep through thine own name." "Keep them in thine own name which thou hast given me."—G.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

210. 1. "I will smite the shepherd, &c."—Zech. xiii. 7.

Page. Note.

211. 2. "Being in an agony, &c." The 43d and 44th verses of Luke xxii. are here transposed and inserted at the latter part of the account of the agony; this change seemed to be demanded by the nature of the case.
- [211. 3. "Sleep on now"—Most commentators make this a question—"Do you sleep on now?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

213. 1. "Another disciple"—This was John.
215. 2. "We heard him say, &c." The false witnesses gave neither the words nor the meaning of Jesus.—His words were, not "I will destroy"—but, "Destroy this temple, &c."
215. 3. "Ye have heard his blasphemy"—The *first* accusation brought by the *Jews* against Jesus was that of *blasphemy*.
216. 4. "Immediately the cock crew"—It was now about the break of day. The enemies of Christ chose the night for the execution of their designs.
216. 5. "Art thou the Christ?" "If thou art the Christ."—G.
216. 6. "Ye say that I am." "Ye say truth; for I am."—G.
217. 7. "Spoken by Jeremy the prophet, &c." This quotation is not found in Jeremiah. It refers, probably, to Zech. xi. 12, 13—and by some mistake of transcribers the name of the wrong prophet is given.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

217. 1. "The hall of Judgment"—i. e. the *Prætorium*—the place where the Roman Prætor, or governor heard and decided cases brought before him.
218. 2. "Lest they should be defiled"—The Jews supposed themselves defiled by the touch, or by entering the house of a Gentile.

Page. Note.

218. 3. "Might eat the Passover"—This passage has led some to suppose that Jesus anticipated the time of eating the Paschal Supper; and this may have been the case. Many, however, are of a different opinion and understand the word *passover* to refer to the whole feast, which continued some days,—or to a solemn sacrifice, which was made at the *end* of the first day; the day beginning at six o'clock in the evening.
218. 4. "Perverting the nation"—The Sanhedrim had no authority to inflict capital punishment. The enemies of Jesus, therefore bring him to the Roman Governor and to secure his destruction they *now* charge him with *treason*.
219. 5. "Heard of Galilee, he asked, &c." The kingdom of Herod the Great, after his death, was divided among his sons, by the permission of Augustus. Herod Antipas thus became Tetrach of Galilee, and Jesus being a Galilean was subject to his jurisdiction.
220. 6. "Were made friends"—The cause of the quarrel between Pilate and Herod is not known; it might have been the slaying of the Galileans, by the former, alluded to in Luke xiii. 1, 2.
220. 7. "Willing to release Jesus"—Part of Pilate's reluctance to condemn Jesus, arose from the dream of his wife's. It was not easy to insert the account of this dream in the text, without interrupting the course of the narrative; it is recorded in Matt. xxvii. 19.
222. 8. "The preparation of the Passover"—The first day of the feast was called the preparation.
222. 9. "We have no king but Cæsar"—Observe, this was the answer of the *priests*, not of the *people*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

224. 1. "Vinegar to drink, &c." This is supposed to have been a potion meant to stupify.
224. 2. "And he was numbered, &c." Is. liii. 12.

Page. Note.

224. 3. "They parted my raiment." Ps. xxii. 18.
 226. 4. "My God, My God." Ps. xxii. 1.
 226. 5. "The veil of the temple." Exod. xxvi. 31—33.
 227. 6. "Whom they pierced." Zech. xii. 10.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

229. 1. "When the Sabbath was past, &c." There is some difficulty in constructing a Harmony of the accounts of the resurrection that shall be entirely satisfactory. In the text the compiler has endeavored to give an unbroken narrative, and adopted the order of events, which seemed to him the most probable. Luke xxiv. 1—11, has been omitted, because it could not be easily interwoven with other parts of the account of the resurrection, and it may refer to a visit not mentioned by the other Evangelists.
231. 2. "And as they went to tell his disciples." i. e. the women mentioned above. Mark xvi. 5—7.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

234. 1. "Peace be unto you"—A common form of salutation.
238. 2. "Peter was grieved"—probably because the repetition of the question, reminded him of his denial of Jesus.

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